Surrogate ed. This

who Stole Gwendolen Ocumpaugh?

Anna Katharine Green's story of "The she will agree wit us. Millionaire Baby" (The Bobbs-Merrill Com-Indianapolis) has pleased us very

possible only within limitations arbitrarily and a freer logic-the logic of a universe further said, with much firmness and quite not yet quite perfectly explained. We are explicitly: "De bull what rushes. Miss thankful for the sure control over happen- Hattle [the Sunday school teacher] done

how he is misled—how pleasurably, with the eagerness of joy that is possible to be hub. Dey ain' gwine tuh be nobody haul Here is Gwendolen Ocumpaughsatisfying name—the millionaire baby.
What has become of her? She was in the but Alonzo replied at once: "Mistah Had she cast herself into the Hudson River, | make him rush mighty lively wunst I gits as her distraught mother persistently and Mose tuh floatin." With that he pushed rather curiously declared? Of her two little Moses into the middle of the stream shoes which were found, one between the andranaway to provide the other conditions sungalow and the river, one in the river tself, how did it come that both were lefts? What was the meaning, so far as Gwendolen was concerned, of the several hastening bordering the creek. He felt at peace and muddy vehicles that attracted attention in the roads of Westchester county with the case—that physician and miser | Far away on the very edge of the water whose house in the town of Yonkers had a huge yellow umbrella sheltered a man no doorsteps, though the door itself was and an easel; it also shaded a girl in a white wenty feet or more above the ground? What were the facts in regard to the hungalow? Did its ceiling really drip blood from time to time, as the Ocumpaugh family radition declared, and did a spectral dog and without obvious purpose? Above all, who had once been an actress and who added to a great natural beauty the bewilpart? Why was little Harry, Mrs. Carew's senhew whom she idolized and sedulously shielded from the observation of everybody and with whom she was about to take wing to Europe, so vastly delighted when he came

cured the destruction of the others? There are plenty of questions to keep the reader busy as he goes along. It is a pleasure to feel them crowding. To have curiosity spurred and again spurred; to have satisfaction delayed and to be pleased with the delay; to be kept eager by denial; to be treated with entire consideration and generosity finally—if the reader is not very much obliged we shall have our

into possession of Gwendolen's toy bonny

horse? Whose were the shoes and whose

the skirt that left their imprint in the dust

of the subterranean chamber in the bun-

galow? Was it accident when Mrs. Carew

bliterated some of these imprints and when

Mrs. Ocumpaugh, with the assistance of

a considerable body of her gardeners, pro-

The author's literary style has always leased us. It has the old time care of form. The sentences fall with much agreeable balance and precision. We read at page 6 of this story, for instance: "On the afternoon of Wednesday, August sixeenth, 190-, the guests assembled in Mrs. Ocumpaugh's white and gold music room were suddenly thrown into confusion by he appearance of a young girl in a state of great perturbation, who, running up to the tartled hostess, announced that Gwendolen. the petted darling of the house, was missing from the bungalow, where she had been lying asleep, and could not be found, though a dozen men had been out on search.

"The wretched mother, who, as it afterorders by which the child had been thus They are funny stories. We mean to pay ward transpired, had not only given the removed from the excitement up at the them a compliment when we add that they house but had actually been herself but a are not in the least "convincing." few moments before to see that the little one was well cared for and happy, seemed struck as by a mortal blow at these words, and, uttering a heart rending scream, ran out on the lawn. A crowd of guests ushed after her, and as they followed her flying figure across the lawn to the small copse in which lav hidden this favored retreat they could hear, borne back on the wind, the wild protest of the young nurse that she had left the child for a minute only and then to go no further than the bench unning along the end of the bungalow facing the house; that she had been told she could sit there and listen to the music, but that she never would have left the child's side for a minute if she had not supposed she would hear her least stirprotests which the mother scarcely seemed o heed and which were presently lost in the deep silence which fell on all as, brought to a stand in the thick shrubbery surroundng the bungalow, they saw the mother stagger up to the door, look in and turn toward them with death in her face.

'The river!' she gasped, 'the river!' and heedless of all attempts to stop her, beedless even of the efforts made by the little one's nurse to draw her attention to the nearness of a certain opening in the high hedge marking off the Ocumpaugh grounds on this side, she ran down the bank in the direction of the railway, but fainted before she had more than cleared the thicket. When they lifted her up they all saw the reason for this. She had come upon a same manner, rich and poor alike, until little shoe, which she held with frantic clutch against her breast-her child's shoe, which, as she afterward acknowledged, she had loosened with her own hand on

We wish that we might relate what happened when Mrs. Carew and Mr. Trevitt, of Trevitt & Jupp, private detectives, went into the bungalow at night, down through a trao into the subterranean chamber and up through a trap into the walled off part of the expenses and by making a law lim ally from the blackened ceiling. We have leave as an inheritance to their childrensurely said enough, however, to indicate all surplus over and above the stated how stirring, how absorbing and how ad- amount going to enrich the coffers of the mirable a tale this is. Let the reader begin | State. The number of marriage contracts it; his procedure to the end will be quite that any one party could enter into was nevitable, and breathless as well. There limited to five, and no one could make a are two matters of omission. We wish legal contract after the age of 55 years. we knew whether Miss Graham, the nurse Carew ever made the despondent Mr.

Voyage of a New Little Moses.

or a scrupulous and obviously unembel- Kingsley-Smith; and her daughter, who lished report of the doings of any colored | certainly was a guiltless party, was repeople. It does not occur to us that to re- quired by law to be called Miss Mary James-

evere or in the least unkind, and as we study the author's licture we believe that

plainly was cast into peril in consequence of his name. There is a picture showing f one thing and another in the course | how Alonzo, his brother, and Mary Lizzie, f it that this is not likely, or that this is his sister, Sunday school scholars both sible. We dare say that the author set him affoat in a tub. It is incredible and no fault with them if such nice that these imitative children should have discoveries make them happy, confused the buirustes of the Nile with urselves love to be borne along on the rushes made under provocation by a the flood of an eventful detective story. bull grazing in a neighboring field; some It is not our habit to dilute our joy with | puns are born with difficulty; but we do not mind. The story says that Mary Lizzie We could prove, if we liked, the absolute cried, as Moses was about to be cast of logic of this tale. To be sure, it is a logic "Lonzy, whut yo' gwine tub do bout de bull?" that Alonzo in some perplexity re Alas! for the chances of another plied, "De whut:" and that Mary Lizzie make speshul mention 'bout him. Reckon he author is sure, but the reader will hit wuh 'caze o' de bull rushes dat Mistah ficiently puzzled. It is remarkable Ferro's dawtah happen tuh light on de d, he valks up a number of blind | li'l Mose out nohow twell de bull rushes."

This call of Mary Lizzis for a charging bull ungalow, or garden house. In a twink- Brown's old raid bull wid de curly forrid am down hyah by de crick; reckon I kin

"Mr. Brown's red bull was quietly cropping the tender young grass in the pasture with the world in general, and only the large brass ring adorning his nose suggested What had Dr. Poole to do | what he could do if he felt so inclined gown. The bull had glanced in that direction once or twice, but the umbrella did not interest him; he supposed it was merely a new species of mushroom

Along came the purposeful and strenuous run about it on moonlight nights, terrifying Alonzo. He pelted the bull with small stones and clods of earth. He danced how did Mrs. Carew stand—that superblady about the potentially aggressive animal. uttering shrill cries and waving a tattered straw hat. Presently the bull rushed. dering and almost overpowering graces and As Alonzo had magically disappeared fascinations that a stage training may im- from the landscape, the rush was directed upon the umbrella. The artist under that shelter had just observed to Miss Hattie who was his companion, that nothing was so beautiful as nature, when the bull impinged. The artist was thrown into the creek. He grabbed instinctively at the first object presenting itself, which was the tub containing Moses. We need not dwell upon the rescue of Moses and the emergence of the artist from the creek. When the mother of Alonzo and Moses and Mary Lizzie returned home she found Mary Lizzie sedulously attending to the baby. In the closing words of the story:

"Mary Lizzie was seated on the doorstep ostentatiously dandling Moses when her mother returned. She told that indignant lady that Alonzo having deserted his charge she had gladly taken the best of care of him all day. Consequently Alonzo upor his return found his welcome unusually warm and himself deprived of the various tidbits his mother had managed to collect during her day's work and secrete about her person. He watched Mary Lizzie slowly disposing of a section of jam tart with bitterness swelling in his bosom.

"'Awful good tahts, dem wuz,' said Mary Lizzie complacently as the last morsel

"Alonzo glanced furtively around. They were alone; his hour had come. He advanced upon his sister from the rear and fastened both hands in her hair. "'I done tole yo' I's gwine tuh pull yo'

wool,' he said between his teeth, 'now, I's gwine tuh do it.' "And he took a good firm grip and pulled

mightily." There are thirteen of the stories, including the one about the accusing glass eye

A New Idea of Marriage. In "Marriage-Limited," Frank H. Wakefield has evolved an ingenious plot founded upon Mr. Meredith's idea of a contract of marriage which should be limited to a cer- Johnson-Beaumont-Kingsley-Smith until tain fixed time rather than to endure for

The period of the novel is necessarily projected far enough into the future to make the twentieth century and its marriage customs matters of ancient history, to be discussed in a tolerant manner by literary clubs, as similar societies of the present day look back upon the rites and ceremonies and traditions of the ancient

Under the new régime two persons might at their majority enter into a contract of marriage for seven years, a contract which might be renewed for any period, even for life, but might also be broken without dishonor to either party at the end of the time for which it was made. The wife received under this contract a certain stipulated per cent. of the man's earnings and assumed the name of her husband. It was regulated by a law with heavy penalties, that legally only one child should result from a single contract of seven years and the medical profession supported the law with advanced medical science. All children were educated by the State and sent to a general State nursery at the age of 5 years, where they were treated precisely in the their majority. At the age of 12 years, the children were placed in training schools, where each was specially educated for the avocation or profession for which in the eyes of the tutors the child was best fitted. The support of the schools, hospitals, churches, &c., which were all under the care of the State, was arranged for by taxing the people in proportion to their means. by compelling the rich to pay a larger share ich blood was said to drip occasion- ing the amount that a man or woman could

Even in this Utopian scheme worked out girl, married Mr. Trevitt, and whether Mrs on paper by a very clever author, there mother, who was a capable and earnest were elements of unfairness and inequality even as in the present time, for while a husband might leave his wife a share of his estate at his death, the wife might not Ella Middleton Tybout has amused us give her husband any inheritance, all with her stories of "loketown People," property belonging to women and not re-(J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia). | quired by the children reverting directly There is fun in this young author's eye, to the State. Also, while a man might as we know from a photograph that the | make as many marriage contracts as the publishers have kindly and sensibly at- law allows and retain his original name, tached to their notice sent with the book. | the woman must bear the name of each We should not think it accurate to say of husband she had entered into a contract these stories that they are a profound and with, which resulted in a woman's being conscientious study of the negro character | known as Mrs. James-Johnson-Beaumont-

sensation. It sets forth a charming love story; introduces typically fearless Americans; and is such a vigorous exposition of the race struggle that it must set national lawmakers thinking." - Says the Buffalo Courier.

"'The Law of the Land,' by

Emerson Hough, author of 'The

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Early Pictures of Various Schools in the Carvallo

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ROBERT GRIER COOKE

PUBLISHER

307 FIFTH AVENUE

her own marriage, whereupon she became the proud and happy possessor of a single name of her own. It was thus very easy to distinguish the women who had made many marriage contracts, and to avoid entering into alliances with them, while the men, as is ever the case from Adam

The result of this curious state of affairs, according to the author, was that all forms of vice were stamped out, greater harmony in the home was established, and bachelors, instead of being regarded as interesting, were looked upon with disfavor and suspicion, as either too selfish to share their earnings with a wife or too personally distasteful to find any one willing to make a contract with them. Old contracts were in most cases renewed, and the making of many contracts was looked upon with disapproval much as the divorce question is generally regarded at present. In such an ideal community it would eeem difficult

down, went scot free and unbranded.

to find mischief still for even a villain to do. But what about the dishonest evasion of the law regarding the financial side of his marriage contract by a scheming husband, and the secret contract of marriage made by the two lovers before arriving at the legal age. Mr. Wakefield has woven a little detective story whose issues and developments, hinging as they do upon the peculiar legal and social conditions of the time, may be followed with interest in his book. Certainly the situations are novel, the plot is ingenious and the construction of the imaginary episodes is well handled. The bc k is published by the Neale Publishing Company.

From the Land of the Dakotas.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who is a Sioux Indian, tells some very readable stories in "Red Hunters and the Animal People" "The Great Cat's Nursery," relates for us certain experiences of Igmutanka, the puma mother, and her two young ones. We read among other things that this parent, "had taken her leave of her two little tawny babes about the middle of the afternoon. The last bone of the buffalo over the fun." Here was more injustice. which she had brought home from her last hunt had been served for dinner. Polished Her eyes flamed again as they had flamed clean by her sharp teeth, it lay in the den when she found the grizzly stealing her

for the kittens to play with. Her mate had left her early on that former hunt, and had not returned. She was very nervous about waw!" Our heroine studied the situation not returned. She was very nervous about it, for already she feared the worst."

It is told how she hunted down the stream called the Blacktail. Blacktail deer fed on and tore the side of one of the men and the choice grass thereabout. A doe with threw a dog against the rocks with a broken two yearlings came along. Our heroine leg. Then in lightning fashion she ran up

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another moment she had aprung upon the nearest fawn! A shrill scream of agony and the cracking of tender bones mingled with gladness of satisfying the pange of hunger."

When she had eaten what she wanted, she took the usual measures to secure the rest. "She put her claim mark on the deer and covered it partly up. It was her practice to cover her game to season, and also to make it plain to all that know the laws of Wild Land that it was her game-Igmutanka's. If any one disturbs it he is running great risk of a pitched battle, woolly head before she dropped her own that braves blank verse tragedy in the twentieth century. Two of the three the theft of their game."

A beast of considerable assurance, a grizzly bear, ventured to bring into question the right thus asserted Igmu found him eating her meat when she came back for it after several days. She flattened out like a sunfish when she beheld him. "Her eyes became two flaming globes of wrath and consternation. She gradually drew her whole body into a tense lump of muscles. ready to spring. Her lips unconsciously contracted, showing a fine set of teethher weapons-while the very ground upon which she lay was deeply scarred by those other weapons, the claws."

The reader will feel positively sorry for

old Mato, the bear. He learned a lesson which he had no time to forget; for he perished on the field. His vulnerable and vital parts were sought out by the nimble enemy and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Igmutanka herself perished a little later, but it was no bear that killed her. She came upon some Indians and their dogs threatening one of her cubs.

"Behold, the little Igmu was up a small willow tree! Three Indians were trying to shake him down, and their dogs were hilarious Surely the world was overflowing with it. no longer. She launched herself upon the enemy, who turned and fled. "Igmu seized "flattened her long, lanky body against the the tree to rescue her kitten, and sprang ground-her long, snaky tall slowly moved to the ground, carrying it in her teeth. to and fro as the animals approached. In | She fled by the path along the creek

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bottom. "Just as she thought she had cleared the danger point a wild man appeared upon the bank overhead and, quick as a flash, sent one of those winged willows. for whom she had made such a noble fight

her, so she lay down beside a large rock. The baby came to her immediately, for he had not had any milk since the day before. She gave one gentle lick to his

landthatisnow Minnesota and the Dakotas ramis and Other Plays" (Brentano's) take as that land was lefore '870. It is evrious that form. The author has the right swing to think that the author in bis boyhood and rhythm, and her lines are really verse, was a part of what is here des valed. The and not prose cut into even lengths. With book is peculiar, and it is distinctly interesting for reasons besides.

Some Dramatists.

have accumulated we find only two that have been acted, or, so far as we can see, stand any chance of being acted. The Allan Poe and is in prose. Here the Shakesonly one in lighter vein is Mr. Henry Arthur | pearian contrast of humor is employed and Jones's "The Manosuvres of Jane" (Macmillans), an amusing, very slight farce, already pretty well forgotten, which has the merit of being couched in respectable, colloquial

The other acted play is the eternal "Parsifal," for which Mr. George Turner Phelps has prepared an English libretto, face to face with the German text (Richard G. Badger, Boston). It seems to follow the

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She felt a sharp pang in her side—a faint- German very literally, but for rhythmical ness she could not run! The little Igmu reasons is obliged, after the manner of most librettos, to play queer tricks with the dropped from her mouth. She staggered English language. From time to time there toward the bank, but her strength refused are indications of where the words fit into the operatic score. We fancy it may prove useful to those still suffering from the Parsifal complaint. It is impossible not to admire the courage

There are thirteen of these stories of the dramas in Olive Tilford Dargan's "Semia classic subject like Semiramis it enables her to accomplish her task very respectably The second play, "Carlotta," dealing with Maximilian's widow, avoids absurdity, In the dozen or so volumes of plays that which with a modern subject treated in blank verse is surely praise. The third, "The Poet," describes the career of Edgar realism besides, neither, we regret to say,

The genuine heroic vocabulary seems to be at the command of Mr. Lewis A. Storrs in "The Tragedy of King Saul" (G. W. Dillingham Co.), but that of the slang of the day apparently comes more naturally to him. When the two blend in blank

Continued on Ninth Page.

Absolutely Pure,

delightful to the taste, and a great aid to digestion. No wonder

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Harper's Book News. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold Samuel M. Gardenhire, author of "Lux Crucis," here tells a beguiling tale, and with his insight and intimate knowledge of the secret ways of big corporations involves his story in

will strike home to every American. Wall Street, the great powers of finance, the Theatrical Trust, and other big and real phases of present-day New York have a part in this stirring tale. And out of the "silence" of Mrs. Harrold a plot develops involving every character, in a situation that baffles the reader and lures him on from page to page.

new, ingenious complications that

The Wonders of Life

The astonishing success of "The Riddle of the Universe". and the thousands of letters begging further light received by Ernst Haeckel have led this eminent philosopher and scientist to put forth a new volume. The new book is a popular study of biological philosophy giving complete expression to Professor Haeckel's latest studies along the line of his famous theory of life's mysteries. Like the "Riddle of the Universe," to which it is akin, the new volume will probably cause the widest comment.

The Masquerader

It often happens that the Christmas holidays act as a barrier impeding the onward movement of a book, but "The Masquerader" has swept aside any such interruption, and is attracting more readers than ever before. This tremendous novel goes on winning thousands of new readers every week. It is a story so full of life and fire that it is irresistible. Says the Boston Transcript, "Its audacity of motive simply takes one's breath away."

The Truants

In most novels that make big successes one is pretty sure to find two charactersa man and a woman-so alive and real that they win the reader's heart and interest at once. It is so with "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason. The book is rising rapidly into prominence like its predecessor, "The Four Feathers."

True Bills

This is a new book of fables in slang by George Ade-and when one says that, it guarantees a great deal of laughter, shrewd satire, and common sense, all in the inimitable Ade vein.

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